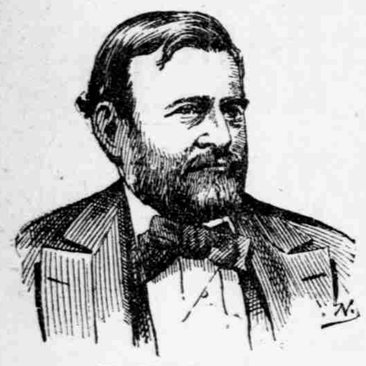
IMPOSING CEREMONIES

During the Dedication of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's New Tomb.

A Myriad of Men and Many Banners Gathered at Riverside Park—Battleships of Every Nation Gathered in the Harbor and River to Do Homage.

NEW YORK, April 28.—When the sun rose over Manhattan on the day of days in her history of patriotic pageants, he found a cloudless dome awaiting him. The prayers of a million or more had been answered and storm seemed impossible. It was cool—almost cold—and the brightly tinted clouds held no promise of anger or sorrow. Briskly blew the northwest wind and joyfully it tossed the striped and starred



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

bunting which from every vantage point in Greater New York gleamed in a beauty and a brilliancy no other flag on earth can hope to equal. Flags there were by the hundreds of thousands, from the huge emblem, with its 50 foot of fly and 50 foot of hoist, to the tiny emblem which decorated the collars of the truck horses. Flags in the great thoroughfares and in the narrowest alleys; from tenement windows and on the staffs of public buildings; from the stalls of street venders and the facades of mighty hostelries and loftier office buildings; from the spars of merchant ships and from the bows of the humblest of canal boats.

Long before the sun had risen above the eastern horizon the streets were thronged and earnest was given of the mighty hosts which later in the day would crowd the line of march and surge around the mausoleum of the great general.

The ceremonies proper began at sunrise, when the tall flag pole near the tomb was flying the immense American flag furnished by the daughters of the revolution. There it will fly night and day, in fair weather and foul, until the winds have worn it away and the suns have faded its colors. At the same time the marines on the warships were piped to quarters and landed on shore to stand and receive the head of the land column.

Bands were playing on land and water; children were singing and youths shouting in very joyousness of spirit, for it was agreed on all sides that the prevailing note should be joy over the memory of a great man honored; not sorrow over the death of a hero.

The Fifth Avenue hotel was the scene of hustle and excitement during the early morning. The broad corridors were filled with native and foreign dignataries, and almost every second person blazed with bullion and military trappings.

In a side room were the members of the reception committee, who formed the escorts of the guests of the city. Among the earliest of these guests was Speaker Reed, who loomed like a veritable giant.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, was under the wing of Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. Schofield and Gen. Ruger were together. Mr. Cleveland arrived at the hotel at 9:16 with Mr. Gilder. Troop "A" had already lined up on the west side of the park. Acting Inspector Allace with 105 men kept the roadway clear and only those with passes were permitted within the lines.

Secretary Long, of the navy, followed close on the ex-president's heels.

Loud shouts of the people announced the arrival of the president at 9:20. He rode in a carriage with Gen. Porter and Mayor Strong. His reception was flattering in the extreme and he bowed repeatedly. His usually grave face was wreathed in smiles. Vice President Hobart joined the president and Gen. Porter and the mayor, and the open barouche in which they were seated drew up in the center of the plaza, where it took its place at the head of the line. Gen. Butterfield, in his uniform of a retired general of the army, rode at the right of the barouche, which was preceded by a picked force of mounted policemen. The military escort included one sergeant and ten men of troop "A."

In the meantime the diplomats had departed by the 24th street entrance, leaving the way clear for the Grant family, the cabinet and others.

The Grants left the hotel by the Fifth avenue entrance a few minutes ahead of the president's party. Mrs. Grant leaned on the arm of her son, Col. Fred D. rant, and the others followed. Altogether they occupied eight carriages.

The initial step in the parade was made almost on schedule time, and by 9:40 o'clock the presidential procession was on the move.

The order of this procession was:

1 Squadron "A."

2 President McKinley, Vice President Hobart, Mayor Strong and Gen. Porter.

3 Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, Col. Frederick D. Grant, Mrs. Frederick D. Grant, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris.

4 Mrs. Jessie Grant, Miss Nellie Grant, Master Chapman Grant.

5 Five carriages bearing the rest of the Grant family.

6 Ex-President Cleveland and Richard Watson Gilder.

7 Maj.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Maj.-Gen. C. C. Augur, Maj.-Gen H. G. Wright, Maj.-Gen J. G. Parke.

Cheers greeted the distinguished party as it moved through the decorated streets, the enthusiasm being so noteworthy that President McKinley's face was joyous and his hat was in a state of constant salute.

Mrs Grant and her family, to the third generation, were objects of especial attention, and the widow of the hero was visibly affected at the great popular demonstration.

The visitors got a chance to see a million people. The unbroken wall of humanity six miles long was an inspiring sight.

The arrival of the official portion of the procession at the tomb was the signal for a most stupendous outburst of patriotic cheering from the 50,000 people in the grand stands and on the lawns around the monument and on Claremont Heights.

The president and the other guests alighted from their carriages at the monument stands and took the places assigned to them in readiness for the oratorical and musical ceremonies at 10:36 o'clock, and stillness reigned in place of the noisy enthusiasm that marked the arrival of President McKinley.

The warships which lay at anchor in the river in sight of the tomb claimed the attention of the crowd before the arrival of the dignitaries and the commencement of the services of dedication. The river was dotted with small boats which were tossed about on the roughened waters and looked from the bluff like so many, bobbing corks. All was life and bustle aboard the men-of-war. The merchants' marine division was located in the lower bay.

At 5 o'clock orders flashed from the flagship for the fleet to dress for the day's festivities. A few moments later a rainbow of colors began going up from the bow of the New York. Immediately every vessel in the fleet followed suit.

The big ships made a magnificent showing in their gala attire, with rainbows of bunting from bow to stern. The naval grand division was under the command of Rear Admiral Francis H. Bunce, U. S. N.

At 11:04 o'clock President McKinley entered the speaker's stand and was followed by the others who were to participate in the ceremonies. The president, with bared head, was the first to enter the stand. He leaned on the arm of Mayor Strong, who kept his hat on. The president was loudly cheered as was also ex-President Cleveland, who appeared with ex-Secretary Tracy.

Mr. Cleveland and President McKinley shook hands with each other as soon as they met. The two then conversed for a moment. While waiting for the ceremonies on the stand to commence President McKinley, Vice President Hobart and ex-President Cleveland had their photographs taken in a group.

The order in which the various dignitaries took their seats in the stand was as follows:

President McKinley to the right of the speaker's platform, where he was soon joined by Speaker Thomas B. Reed, who remained in animated conversation with the chief magistrate for some time. Ex-President Cleveland and Mayor Strong conversed together to their left.

The first row immediately back of the platform was occupied by the Grant party, Col. Fred Grant being on the end escorting his mother.

Immediately back of the Grant family were seated the members of the president's family, including Mrs. McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley and Miss Maud McKinley.

The third row was occupied by the ladies of the cabinet, many members of their families and friends in general.

The exercises commenced with the singing of "America." A solemn silence then fell on the dense crowd as the venerable Bishop John P. Newman invoked the blessing of Heaven on the ceremonies. Many of the people joined in the "Our Father," which concluded the bishop's prayer.

As soon as the prelate had taken his seat the hymn of thanks, "Old Netherland Folksong," was sung by the choristers.

Another mighty cheer arose when President McKinley, after the singing of the hymn, moved to the railing of the speakers' stand to deliver his address. He was introduced by Mayor Strong, who said:

"I now have the pleasure of introducing President McKinley to you, president of the United states."

As the president removed his hat cries came from all sides: "Put on your hat; we'll excuse you."

The president, however, stood with bared head, despite the nipping wind that swept across the exposed stand and delivered his address.

The vast crowd listened with keen attention to the president's words, and at intervals broke into cheers when some incident in the dead soldier's career was alluded to by the distinguished speaker. Even those who were too far removed from the speaker to hear a word seemed to be as much interested as those who were within earshot.

At the conclusion of the president's address Col. Fred Grant advanced and shook him warmly by the hand. The two men stood in the foreground of the wonderful picture, the spectators applauded, "The Star Spangled Banner" was played by the band, after which Horace Porter was introduced by the mayor. The orator of the day was accorded a warm reception. More discreet than the president, Gen. Porter kept his hat on while he was speaking. He read his address from typewritten manuscript.

At this point when Gen. Porter began to speak the biting wind forced many of the ladies in the presidential party to seek the shelter of the tomb. Among those were Mrs. McKinley, who was slightly indisposed. Gen. Porter was followed by Mayor Strong.

The "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah," and the doxology were sung, and this concluded the ceremonies at the speaker's stand. The president and other officials and the distinguished guests then retired to the tent in the rear of the tomb, where an elaborate luncheon was served.

The president was escorted to the table by Mayor Strong, and Col. Grant escorted his mother, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant.

An interesting feature was the parade of the merchant marine, which was divided into four divisions.

F. G. Osborn was the rear admiral in command of the merchant marine on the flagship America. His command assembled in the upper bay, eastward of the center of the channel, on the Brooklyn side.

The first division was composed principally of tugs and lighters belonging to the New York Central and Erie railroads.

The second and third divisions were made up of tugs and steam lighters, with a couple of big ocean tugs in the lead.

The fourth division consisted of sidewheel steamboats, ferry boats and tugs.

Each division was divided into two squadrons, and there were about a hundred and fifty boats in line.

All the vessels were covered with bunting, flapping out as stiff as boards in the brisk wind, and presented a pretty and animated picture.

The hour set for them to start up the North river was 2 o'clock, but as early as noon they began to assemble at the rendezvous.

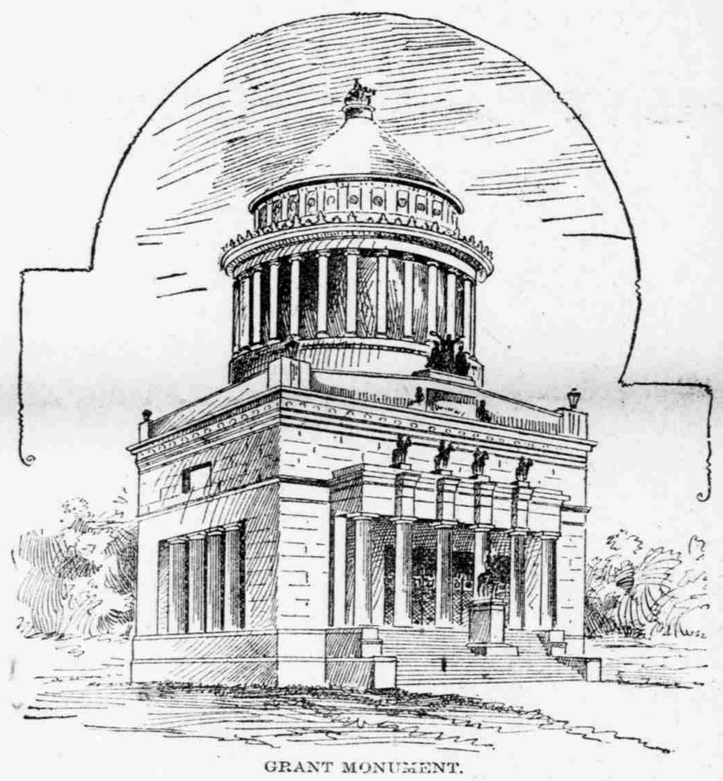
The black, wicked-looking torpedo boat Porter, sharply outlined against the white hulls of the U. S. squadron, rushed in and out of the naval lines, carrying orders, while the big patrol of the harbor police, with four steam launches as assistants, each newly painted for the occasion, scurried hither and thither on errands to the commanders of the merchant marine divisions.

The parade was started in splendid order and maintained excellent order throughout: the flotilla turning the stake boat anchored half a mile above the head of the warships in admirable style, and then stemmed the tide until all fell in, in quadruple columns, behind the monitors to await the coming of the president on the Dolphin.

The reception to the president and vice president at the Union League club Tuesday evening was a fitting culmination of the day's events. Preparations for the event had been made in the most lavish and extensive manner, and the exterior and interior of the commodious club house presented a brilliant scene.

More than 1,000 invitations had been issued, and fully half that number were accepted, judging from the large assemblage. The invited guests included the diplomatic corps, Bishops Potter and Newman, Archbishop Corrigan and a host of foreign and American dignitaries. The officers of the army and navy were also in attendance.

At midnight all was quiet. The warships' lights no longer were reflected by the placid Hudson, and the gray tomb on the eminence above stood out boldly against the black sky, at last a fitting monument erected by a grateful nation to the soldier president, who through victories and war brought peace and who, with peace, brought honor.



GRANT MONUMENT.

THE INCAPABLE WOMAN.

There Is No Place for Her In This Day and Generation.

Nowhere outside of an old-fashioned romance is there a spot in the world where the incapable woman can to-day maintain a foothold. In the leisurely three-volume novel dear to our grandparents, Arabella and Araminta, gentle, pallid, timid, submissive creatures, faltered and gasped and fainted gracefully in their chairs at the slightest excuse for such behavior. To swoon with ease was regarded as a proof of elegance, and as a distinctive line marking the difference between the milkmaid and the lady born and bred. Possibly the tight lacing then in vogue aided the lady in her ability to perform this part of her role to the satisfaction of the spectators who were usually within the receding vision of the fainting and fragile being whose delicate nerves were proof against neither terrors by night nor shocks by day.

Frankly we doubt whether the old novelists were quite fair in their portraiture of the current life of their times. We find Jennie Deans able to undertake a long, difficult and every way arduous journey, reaching its end as fresh and hearty and full of purpose and courage as at the beginning, her beauty not marred by hardship and loss of rest. Mary, queen of Scots, was able to sit for hours in the saddle, no cavalier of her period riding harder or faster or more bravely than the bold and beautiful queen. The famous women who made the court of France splendid during successive changes and revolutions were not frail, die-away creatures of ghost-like hues and willowy outlines; they were substantial flesh and blood women, equal to all the dangers and perilous adventures which were often their portion.

Recalling the much harder conditions of housekeeping of the times of our grandmothers and of their mothers before them, we are impressed with the fact that the women who surmounted successfully so many obstacles must have been made of really tough fiber. The modern appliances which give us everything for our tables in highly condensed and beautiful forms, ready for use with the minimum of preparation, were then unknown. They pounded the pepper and pulverized the sugar and rolled the salt. So far from having electric lights to command at the touch of a mysterious knob, they had not even lucifer matches. The fire had to be kept in by strenuous care, and sometimes one went to her neighbors to borrow a handful of fire with which to light her own. Nothing was easy. Everything required hard, persevering and unremitting labor, so that we may believe that the women of that older day were far from being incapable.

Incapable women may for the brief season of youth, while the sea-shell color tints the rounded cheek and the beauty of health beams in the bright eyes, win a passing tribute from thoughtless men; but the women who wear well must know how to meet emergencies, how to order and see their orders obeyed, how to hold themselves in calm composure, whatever tempests are abroad. The incapable woman was never so much an anachronism as today.—N. Y. Ledger.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

How Living Expenses May Be Materially Lessened.

In reply to a subscriber who asks for some article on household economy we will give several papers, including economy in cooking, in making over old clothing and in the general use of the various articles that would otherwise accumulate in the house. Economy in cooking requires continual watchfulness of small matters. The individual who is compelled to reduce her living to the smallest means should save every particle of food or fat left from the meals. The fat of pork, beef, veal or chickens makes excellent frying fat. The fat of mutton, lamb or even of the turkey is too strong to use in cooking, but must be saved for soap fat. The question of what is fit for food when cooked again is one each person must decide for herself. Almost any vegetables left at dinner may be used for a salad. Meat may always be recooked or served cold with a salad dressing. Thin slices of cold meat eaten with mustard or some variety of sauce will generally be acceptable if not put on the table too often, but cold meat is not so wholesome or digestible as hot meat. It is an art which every housekeeper ought to cultivate to cook meat so that it is as palatable and as delicious the second time as it was when it was first put on the table. Warmed-over messes, improperly seasoned and generally flavorless, are not fit for food.

It is the duty of the economic housekeeper to keep an extra account of her expenditures and limit herself to a certain amount. She will be astonished sometimes at the delicious meals she can concoct from materials she once thought suitable for the portion assigned to the pig. This cannot be done without care. It is not economy to buy cheap, poor meat, or poor, stale vegetables. In this matter the best is the cheapest.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Coming Color.

It is a matter of comment that for the coming hot season red is to be so extensively used in millinery—brilliant scarlet, and not alone the deeper shades in Jacque rose, begonia, geranium, damask, claret and other tints that have been so popular. Even the mauve hats with gilded basket-work crowns and green straw tops are embellished with vivid lobelia blooms or gorgeous field poppies, whose uniform we all know, and trails of trumpet creeper and loops of cerise satin ribbon aid in the conspicuous decoration of the dreadful chapeaux of 1897. Many of the bright flower trimmings are treated aigrette fashion, set up very high on the hat at the back, the leaves forming a toplofty background against which a small conservatory of flowers nod and sway.—N. Y Post.

RETURNED AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

The Lad Who Went to Seek a Fortune Returns to Sleepy Hollow on Foot.

"Could you tell me the road to Sleepy Hollow?" asked an old man whose shoes were white with dust, as he stopped at the junction of three roads near Andre Brook. In his right hand he carried a heavy staff, and pinned to the lapel of his coat was a beautiful yellow rose. The old man had been walking along the Albany post road and had just passed the spot where the British spy was captured when he came to a bend in the road where the three roads meet. Fifty years ago it was but a junction for the road to Sing Sing and the road to Bedford. Now the town clerk's office stands there, and the town clerk, with the justices of the peace, who compose the board of canvassers, were there canvassing the vote on the local option question.

John A. Lant answered the question, and directed the old man toward Sleepy Hollow. The old man then inquired about a certain house on the Coutant farm. The two were soon engaged in conversation. The stranger was Jacob Minnerly, a member of a well-known revolutionary family by that name who lived at Sleepy Hollow years ago, before Irving gave that picturesque country its name. It was in a small house on the Coutant farm that he was born, 66 years ago. It was to see this house and the scenes of his early childhood that Minnerly had come.

More than half a century ago, longing for adventure he left home to seek his fortune. He sailed around the world, visited all its principal countries, but did not gather riches. Where he had spent his last few years he did not tell. Mr. Lant took him in his carriage, and as they drove down the old road Minnerly at once recognized Coutant hill and house, the old Jones homestead, where his grandmother, Mrs. Jones, lived; the Bill Carl house, the Furman house, and, lastly, the old schoolhouse, which he attended when Charles and Daniel Chamberlain were teachers. He visited the new schoolhouse recently erected by John D. Rockefeller, while the school was in session, and made a few interesting remarks to the scholars, touching upon the difference in the manner in which the present school is conducted compared with the one of half a century ago. After signing the school register he journeyed down Broadway to visit relatives in Tarrytown whom he had not seen since he left home. The house in which he was born is now falling to ruin. He climbed about the brush and vines which now almost conceal it from view.

"Who owns it now?" he asked.

"Mr. Rockefeller," was the answer.

"Who is he? I never heard of him."—N. Y. Sun.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Several Groups of the Famous Trees Are Still Standing.

Every girl and boy of the Christian world has heard and read, over and over again, of the "Cedars of Lebanon;" but very few have any idea of the locality and surroundings of the famous grove. It is a popular error, by the way, to suppose that there are no other cedars remaining besides this group at the head of the "Wady" (valley or canyon) Kadisha. There are, to my knowledge, ten other groves, some numbering thousands of trees. This particular group that we are about to visit is called by the Arabs by a name which means, "Cedars of the Lord." They number about 400 trees, among them a circle of gigantic fellows that are called by the natives "The Twelve Apostles," upon the strength of an old tradition that Jesus and His disciples having come to this spot and left their staves standing in the ground, these staves sprouted into cedar trees.

There is every reason to suppose that in the time of King Solomon these scattered groves were part of an enormous unbroken forest, extending the entire length of the Lebanon range of mountains, about 100 miles, running nearly parallel with the Mediterranean shore from a little below Beirut. The summits of the range are from 15 to 20 miles from the coast.

The Lebanon—that is, the "White"—does not derive its name from glittering snow peaks, but from the white limestone cliffs of its summits. The first historical mention of the trees is in the Bible (2 Sam. v. 11): "And Hiram, king of Tyre, sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons; and they built David an house."

From that day to this the people have been almost as reckless and wasteful of these noble giants of the mountains as our own people are of these cedars' first cousins, the redwood trees of the California coast range. As we approach the grove, which stands upon the top of a small hill, the foliage is almost black against the snow-covered crags of Dahrel-Kidib which rears its highest peak over 10,000 feet above the sea.

There is a Maronite chapel in the grove, its patriarch claiming the sole right to the sacred trees; and, luckily, the superstition with which the trees have been surrounded has been their salvation. All the cedars of Lebanon would have been demolished for redwood years ago were not the people threatened with dire calamity should they take a single stick.—Harry Fern, in St. Nicholas.

Quite Possible.

Mrs. Strongmind—And for what are you incarcerated here, my poor man?

The Prisoner—I married a new woman.

"Impossible! You couldn't be put in gaol for that."

"But I was. I married a new woman, and the old woman I already had put me in here for bigamy."—Tit-Bits.

Which He Had Failed to Return.

Jones—Your husband has a very limited vocabulary.

Mrs. Brown—Yes, he has had for some time; ever since you borrowed three volumes of his dictionary.—N. Y. Journal.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Priscilla (just arrived)—"Are there any men here?" Phyllis—"Oh, there are a few apologies for men!" Priscilla—"Well, if an apology is offered to me I shall accept it."—Tit-Bits.

—Mrs. Gray—"Isn't it lovely? How much did you pay for it?" Mrs. Greene—"Two and a half a yard." Mrs. Gray—"What an odd price. You are sure it wasn't $2.48 or $2.51?"—Boston Transcript.

—"I hope I see you well," he said, fluently, to the old farmer leaning on the hoe. "I hope you do," was the unexpected answer; "but if you don't see me well, young man, put on specs."—Tit-Bits.

—Practical.—"How glorious it is to drink in this delightful sunshine; to watch it gild the landscape, and cast its mellow blessing on the waiting earth!" "Yes, George, but think of the freckles!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The Old-Fashioned Way.—"What was yer daddy lickin' you fer?" asked the half-grown boy. The other half-grown boy answered: "Oh, he was jist provin' to me that the whale really did swaller Joner."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Yes," she said to the young man, "I have been present when you acted." "Indeed?" "I think you were with an opera company. Your voice is a tenor, isn't it?" "No," he answered. "I guess you are thinking about my salary."—Washington Star.

—A Fatal Slip.—First Detective—"How did you know he was from Chicago?" Second Detective—"By his accent." First Detective—"But you said he didn't speak to anyone." Second Detective—"I overheard him eating a piece of pie."—Truth.

—"How did you happen to insure in that particular company?" "I consulted the wishes of my wife." "Of course; that's very praiseworthy. But—does she know anything about fire insurance companies?" "Yes. She investigated, and found that this one always issues the prettiest calendars."—Tit-Bits.

PRESS AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Value of Publicity Recognized by Other Than Theatrical People.

One of the most important outgrowths of the systematic methods by means of which the managers of large enterprises keep the public informed about matters in which they are interested is the press agent. Although most people believe that they know all about the functions of that officer, the business is really much more widespread than is generally known. The average man speaking of a press agent has the one who is connected with the theater in mind. He is the man who sends paragraphs to the theatrical editors, in which he not only gives the advance programmes, but works in, or endeavors to do so, all sorts of views about his particular actor or singer, or the company in which he may be interested. With many press agents who act in keeping with the policy of their employers the chief end is to keep the name before the public, and anything is resorted to, from a description of an elaborate gown or a stolen diamond to an imaginary runaway or an impending divorce suit. As a rule, the theatrical agent is a clever man, and to his good work the success of many an enterprise may be traced.

Other large advertisers were quick to recognize the worth of a press agent and the consequence is that newspaper men have found employment in that capacity recently in lines which are far removed from the "show business," but employ the same methods.

One of the first branches of business to employ a press agent was that of land booming. The large syndicates which were organized to develop certain tracts of land in the far west found that, although advertising brought them good returns, they needed something more by means of which their scenery and climate could be made popular. The press agent was the solution of the problem. The proper man was found and departed on his mission of education to the far-away places with men with bank accounts who were looking for new homes in pleasant places, and presently the country newspapers began to bristle with descriptions of farm lands in the domain of the press agent, unrivaled for productiveness and home sites, which, in point of climate and scenery, were absolutely perfect and so desirable that the reader was led to believe that every day spent away from the place was a day thrown away. The land-booming press agent has come to the east and is an important factor in the development of new summer resorts and residence annexes to large cities.

Another field for his usefulness was found by the press agent with railroad corporations. In one instance a railroad company had gained the ill will of many newspapers and criticism of its methods was a daily occurrence. The directors created the place of press agent and installed an experienced newspaper man with power to make investigations on any subject and instructions to make public such matters pertaining to the road as would counteract the previously circulated reports. A few months after he assumed control of the place the press agent said that the adverse criticism had ceased and that the newspapers had been won to the road's friendship.

"But that is not all," said a press agent who had served in that capacity for years. "Even society needs its press agents, and there are men in New York to-day who receive pay for keeping the names of men and women who are on the edge of society before the public. These people are partly in the swim themselves, but are not averse to earning an honest dollar, and they manage by hook or by crook to have Mr. Nobody and Miss Wouldbe mentioned in connection with society matters occasionally, and by that means stimulate their vanity and give them hope that some day they may be able to enter the sphere for which their press agent is preparing them."—N. Y. Tribune.